

re-appeared: we were shocked, confused and upset. We went into the garden and for a while just stared. At that moment the phone rang three times and stopped. It was as if Graham were telling us that there is a life after this one.

In June 1990 my wife died in hospital after a brave struggle. I was at her side. This was 5 minutes past 5 on the morning of June 19th. I returned home very tired and the following evening went to bed exhausted. I was awoken at 5.05 am exactly by the sound of my telephone ringing 3 times. Then again I was awoken the following morning in the same manner at about 4.30am. Finally on the 22nd, I was woken at 5.02am by the telephone.

This has not occurred since. I should add that my bodily clock has never been set for 5am or near it!

Keith Hogwood
Brickhill, Bedford
April 1991

ANOTHER FAMILY'S GHOST

I came to live in this house in April 1987. Immediately it was clear I should have no peace. For my upstairs neighbours were terribly noisy and uncooperative. They had suffered much tragedy from a number of causes, notably the accidental slaughter of a brilliant scholar daughter by a lorry backing into her. From this the mother never recovered. If she ever spoke to me it always included the sad tale of this girl.

They had once been very wealthy and had lived in a big house in Chelsea, according to the knowledgeable Mrs Atwell from the basement. But they had lost money.

Anyway they were here, resident, when I arrived and we were at daggers drawn almost at once and right on to the end. They had two sons and one surviving daughter. All three of these adult children visited their parents, the younger, good looking

man the most often. He seemed devoted to his mother Mary.

Their youngest boy needed money badly and his parents helped but not to his satisfaction. That is when all this horror happened.

About noon one ordinary sunny day, I heard the customary slam of the flat door above; the energetic clumping down the house stairs. Typically thoughtless behaviour of 'Them' overhead, I thought. I'd endured it two long, noisy years. Still - surely odd even for 'Them' after a recent, sudden death?

I moved to my big bay window overlooking the street. Out of the front door, which closed noisily behind it, a figure rushed down the half dozen steps and proceeded at a fast trot to a car waiting at the kerb a couple of yards up the street. I watched in stupor. It was undoubtedly the younger son of the elderly pair who'd made my life a misery playing amplified TV.

Yes it was he. Tall, extremely handsome, with fairish hair. Goodness knows I'd seen him enough times. Still I was astonished. He'd DIED just two days before. I could only repeat to myself: 'It can't be him. He's dead.' as I watched, from my ground floor position.

The man ran along the pavement, to my right, to a large parked car. He ran out in front of it as though to inspect the number plate. That took some seconds. Then off again along to the vehicle's back end. Into the road he paused at the far rear corner as if alert for oncoming traffic. Satisfied all was clear, he rounded the car, stepped inside and drove away at speed. The usual noises sounded, everything looking normal and I observed until man and machine passed out of sight going in the direction of the Kings Road.

This young man, heavily in debt, had begged his parents to help him out. They'd done all they could. It was not enough. He'd taken his own life by leaping off the roof of Charing Cross Hospital.

As to the exact date the unfortunate man threw himself off the roof, I don't know. It would, though, have been July 1989. For Mrs Atwell remembers that this young man visited his parents after their return from their summer holiday in that year, to bring them a window box. I do not know the mental state of the man who killed himself, nor dare I inquire.

The 'party' overheard was on the occasion of the father's last illness before dying of old age, when the younger son was long dead - having killed himself the previous year.

Afterwards the old man, already feeble, went downhill fast. The Social Services were kept busy to no avail. The 'party' in progress above me, during the night of the old man's final illness, was not a party, just rowdy relatives 'holding the fort'.

Though I did not know, that was the night when the solicitor father was so ill he had to be taken away to hospital. Naturally, some relatives were left in residence since the flat was never left empty. I was angry that night as on so many nights at being denied sleep, and, not realising the emergency, I shouted as usual.

The father died in 1990 about the same season as his son, July. I know this as I wrote it down in my diary. Also my friend Perpetua Walsh gave me a newspaper cutting about the father's death (from old age) in 1990. In addition Mrs Atwell, the kind old lady in the basement flat, telephoned me on two separate occasions (even though we are in the same house) to inform me of the son's death in 1989 and again of the father's in 1990.

Margaret McGuinness
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April 1991

Readers are encouraged to send brief accounts of their paranormal experiences to the TPR, c/o SPR, 49 Marloes Road, London W8 6LA Please include your address.

PARANORMAL EXPERIENCES

Renée Haynes

AN EXTRA GUEST IN THE ROOM

I arrived at a hotel at Matlock in Derbyshire on the evening of Tuesday 26th February this year to attend a conference in my role as Manager of a Building Society. At 4.00 am on Wednesday 27th February I awoke to find an apparition in my room, a young girl of about 13 or 14 years of age wearing Victorian clothes. She stood not far from the bottom of my bed next to the built in wardrobe and facing the dressing-table. Her hair was light brown, wavy and reached her waist. She had what I believe was a bow or some form of ribbon in her hair. Her dress was floor-length and her feet were not showing.

She had an apron tied round her waist and she seemed to be looking at something on the dressing-table. Her arm was continually moving as if she were searching through something. I watched her for some time as at first I thought my eyes were just adjusting to the dark.

Her head seemed slightly bowed, again confirming my ideas that she was looking at or searching for something. She appeared quite solid but her movements were stilted, almost like a very old film.

I felt she was totally unaware I was there. I did not see her face. After a good few minutes, she began to fade. I switched on the light but she had disappeared. On my dressing-table was my toilette bag containing my make-up, perfume, etc. It was just by where she had been standing. It was open. Perhaps she was looking at all the pretty bottles,

colours, etc., or was attracted to the brightly tinted bag given to me by my very much loved twelve year old daughter. Or perhaps she was in *her* time and did not see any of my things at all.

All I know is that I deeply believe I saw this young girl. It was not a dream nor my vivid imagination. To me it has been a profoundly moving experience. I watched her for too long for the experience to have been caused by my eyes adjusting to the light. In the morning I asked at the hotel reception if anyone had reported any strange happenings and was told that many strange things happen at the hotel that cannot be explained; there are cold spots on certain floors. They did not seem surprised by my enquiry. I am a level-headed business woman but have a very open mind.

Jacqui Hadfield
Stapleford, Nottingham
March 1991

THE INSISTENT TELEPHONE

During the 1960s I left school and started work for an insurance company in London, where I met a young man, Graham Palmer, who became a very close friend. I suggested to Graham that whichever of us died first should attempt to communicate with the other.

I eventually married and my family and I went to Wales during the early 1970s. I gradually lost touch with Graham. In 1983 we moved to Bedford and one summer's evening I felt compelled to telephone Graham's home. As I half ex-

pected, the line was out of service.

A year or so later I met a man in Bedford who told me that he recently worked at the same insurance company where I had first met Graham. I telephoned the company only to be told that Graham had died of a heart attack on July 12, 1988. I established that his mother, Edie, was living at Oswestry, Salop and I contacted her and resumed our friendship. It was around that time that my telephone would ring three times then stop. The first time I put it down to a wrong number or something like that. Then it seemed that whenever there was an "event" involving Graham, the telephone would ring and then stop. For example when I first telephoned Graham's mother after learning of his death; (I had not seen or spoken to her for over twenty years) and returned home to tell my wife Pamela about it, the telephone rang and stopped before I could reach it. We are ex-directory and not troubled by nuisance calls. I mentioned these 'phone-ringing' incidents to Graham's mother. She reminded me that Graham and I had made this pact, back in the sixties. Until then I had forgotten all about it.

These telephone calls did not last long. On the second occasion, I said out loud "Just do it three times, then I will believe". Sure enough at some later date it happened again, that is the 'phone rang three times. This type of thing never happened before.

In 1989 my wife had health problems. She had surgery in November 1989 and thereafter further treatment for cancer. In the Spring of 1990 we were officially told that the cancer had

